

## The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.  
Published Daily Except Sunday by The Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 55 Park Row, New York.  
RALPH PULITZER, President, 53 Park Row.  
J. ANSON SHAW, Treasurer, 53 Park Row.  
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 53 Park Row.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.  
Subscription Rates to The Evening World for England and the Continent and  
World for the United States  
and Canada.  
One Year.....\$5.00 One Year.....\$5.75  
One Month......50 One Month......65

VOLUME 87.....NO. 20,155

## WHITMAN STEWARDSHIP.

THE nineteen charges of extravagance and incompetence brought by Judge Seabury against the Whitman Administration are specific, clean-cut, convincing. More than one of them carries special significance for taxpayers of this city.

I charge that your first official act as Governor was to make a mistake of \$18,000,000 in your estimate of State expenses.

I charge that in order to prevent the exposure of this mistake you imposed an unnecessary direct tax of \$20,000,000 upon the people of this State.

This capital blunder on Mr. Whitman's part cost the taxpayers of New York City \$14,000,000. And the blunder itself, instead of being concealed, was exposed and ridiculed from one end of the State to the other.

I charge that in 1915 you signed appropriations for the maintenance of State and County highways more than \$1,847,000 greater than the year before, and that this money was so inefficiently expended that these highways are in worse state of repair than at any time since the State highway system was started.

This city's interest in State highways is peculiar. It pays millions to help build and maintain them. But it has little check on how the cash is spent or who gets the roads.

At present there is strong reason to believe the State Highway Department is wasting time and money on a cheap type of road construction which will not stand the wear of motor traffic and is bound to eat up millions in repairs. Nevertheless Gov. Whitman finds poor roads and shoddy repairs serve as well as any when it comes to passing out pre-election jobs and contracts at the public expense.

So it has been all along the line. Whether it was a question of administrative expenses, legislative appropriations, canal jobs or junketing bills, the Whitman policy has been always: The path of least political resistance. Let the taxpayers pay.

Called to give an account of his stewardship of the State of New York, Charles S. Whitman makes a sorry mess of it. He can point to what he has done to boost himself or what he has left undone to placate others. But he can show nothing that proves him a trustee with whom this Commonwealth can safely leave its interests.

Verduan appears to be less lost than ever.

## A BELATED RITE.

MR. HUGHES was finally forced to give a rub to his Americanism. With fifty-seven varieties of hyphenism encrusted upon it and adhering to it, the Republican candidate brought it to this city for a clean-up.

But why so late? Performed almost at the end of the campaign, under the pressure of disclosures concerning the O'Leary and other German-Irish affiliations, the rite has all the look of a compulsory task. If Mr. Hughes really felt so strongly about the alien vote why didn't he say so weeks ago when President Wilson was repudiating in frank and fearless terms the votes of all who "put loyalty to any foreign Power before loyalty to the United States."

Under stress of circumstances the Republican candidate has at last indicated the kind of American he hopes he is.

As to the Americanism of Woodrow Wilson there has been from the first no shadow of a scintilla of a doubt. That Americanism started the campaign as it meant to finish. It needs no eleventh-hour refurbishing.

Flour ten dollars a barrel! The cost of living seems bent on climbing to a point where even the rich will deign to notice it.

## A DEMORALIZED SUBWAY?

THE explosion of a dynamite bomb on the tracks of a Harlem subway station yesterday came near wrecking a crowded train which had only just pulled away from the platform. If the charge had gone off a minute sooner there would almost certainly have been terrible loss of life.

It would seem that discoveries of dynamite mysteriously placed on subway tracks on more than one occasion during the past few weeks might have sufficed to put the Interborough on its guard. The extra police detailed for subway duty during the strike were withdrawn perhaps too soon. But responsibility nevertheless rests upon the Interborough to patrol its tracks and watch the safety of its equipment with unrelaxed vigilance.

Subway service of late has been wretched. During the strike it seemed to reach an unusually high point of efficiency. But at present, as The Evening World has pointed out, crowding, platform congestion, mismanagement of doors, delay in starting trains and clumsiness and inactivity on the part of employees are worse than they have ever been.

The attention of General Manager Hadley is called to these conditions, also to the urgent need of extra track walking. Subway tracks are well lighted and easily inspected. It ought to be possible to keep them fairly free of dynamite.

What does O'Leary say?

## Letters From the People

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What is the value of an 1892 cent?  
J. S. T.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What day did March 5, 1895, fall on? When it is 12 o'clock noon in New York City what time is it in Petrograd?  
W. A. H.  
No. 239 West Thirty-Ninth Street.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Where is the Electrical World published?  
J. E.

## Evening World Daily Magazine

## If Hughes Were Elected!

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel



Thursday, October 26, 1916

## What Every Woman Finds Out.

By Helen Rowland.

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

NOE upon a time  
I thought I understood men,  
And that I could marry any one of them,  
With one hand and my eyes shut!  
But alas!  
I have discovered  
That if you flatter a man it frightens him to death—  
And if you don't flatter him he is bored to death.  
If you permit him to make love to you he gets tired  
in the end—  
And if you don't he gets offended in the beginning.  
If you believe all he tells you he thinks you a fool,  
And if you don't he thinks you a cynic.  
If you agree with him in everything you soon cease  
to interest him.  
And if you argue with him in everything you soon cease to charm him.  
And if you wear gay colors and rouge and startling hats he hesitates  
to take you out—  
And if you wear little brown toques and plain tailor-made he takes  
you out, and gazes at some other woman in gay colors  
and rouge and a startling hat.  
If you are jealous of him he cannot endure you—  
And if you aren't he cannot understand you.  
If you join in his gayer and approve of his smoking he vows you are  
leading him to the devil—  
And if you disapprove of his gayer and urge him to give up smoking  
he vows you are "driving" him to the devil.  
If you are affectionate he soon wears of your kisses,  
And if you are cold he soon seeks consolation in some other woman's  
kisses.  
If you are a sweet, old-fashioned clinging vine, he doubts that you have  
a brain—  
And if you are modern and advanced and independent he doubts that  
you have a heart—or a scruple.  
If you are cute and babyish he longs for a mental mate,  
If you are brilliant and intellectual he longs for a playmate.  
If you are simple and domestic he longs for a soul-mate—  
And if you are temperamental and poetic he longs for a helpmate!  
And all the time,  
Though he is falling in love with you for just what you ARE,  
He is spending his days trying to remodel you, and make you over into  
what you are NOT, never were, and never can be!  
Do not ask me how I discovered all these things about men.  
Alas, I MARRIED one!

## Good Salesmanship

Second of Three Articles Presenting Views of Experts.

Personality's the Thing, Hugh Chalmers Finds, but Hard Work Is a Real First Aid.

What is the Golden Rule for the successful salesman?  
HERE isn't any, according to Hugh Chalmers, who probably has sold as many automobiles as any other man. But there are certain well defined standards to guide the beginner, or even the man who is far along the way, says Mr. Chalmers.  
"Be mentally alert," is one of the signposts he keeps in view.  
"Be ready for the opening when it comes, as it surely will."  
"I was in an automobile salesman one day when a man entered and asked how far it was to the place of a rival organization.  
"Right down the street," said the clerk addressed, and the caller started out.  
"Just a moment," put in a second clerk. "It must be ten blocks and we have a car going that way. It will be around in a minute and take you down there. Meanwhile have a seat."  
"The man accepted and presently was deep in a conversation about transmissions and carburetors. Then the caller looked at the salesman's car and bought one before leaving.  
"That man was alert—a salesman. He saw in the question of a stranger the clue to a sale, and mapped it up without the buyer ever suspecting that he was being led away from the rival concern.  
"Men of all sorts and conditions make salesmen. The thing that makes some better than others is personality, and personality is that quality which enables its possessor to enter all doors and override all obstacles. But be assured that alertness, determination, honesty and straight speaking are first aids to personality.  
"Perhaps it may encourage many young men to know that we are able to think and develop just such salesmen. Any one who really wants to be a salesman has the battle partly won. If the desire is strong within him he probably has a bent that way.  
"The future of this country depends upon co-operative competition, and it is largely through the salesman that it must be worked out.  
"Right here let me say that the greatest need of the salesman is knowledge of his own business. That comprehends several problems. One of them is the product which he sells—what it will do, what it is made of and other salient points. A second is knowing what conditions he has to meet, what is demanded to win orders in a certain city or under circumstances that he must encounter, and a third is the general science of selling—keeping abreast of new developments and forever studying new ways to get results.  
"We also need better preparation of the young salesman, and the time is coming when the subject will receive the careful and considered attention. You can see evidence of this trend in the training schools inaugurated by some of the more enterprising concerns in different trades.  
"Selling goods is hard work and demands the finest that is in a man. It is one of the best professions open to a young man, and he will give him back more than he ever puts into it. And if he has a personality—if he is an individual apart from the common herd—he will find in it a broad road to success."



## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell.

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

No. 8.—Christina, Queen of Sweden (1626-1689).

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, King of Sweden, stood holding his two-year-old baby daughter in his arms. He was waiting with some astonishment for a military salute which did not come. The scene was Kalmar in Sweden, the time 1625. Never before had this great Swedish soldier waited in vain for the music of saluting guns.

Suddenly the Governor of Kalmar stood before his sovereign.

"Sir," he said, "the soldiers fear to salute because of the royal baby."

"Fie!" answered the soldier King. "The girl is a soldier's daughter and should be accustomed to it betimes."

So the salute was fired, and the great princess, who became one of the brave women sovereigns of history, clasped her little hands delightedly and said in her best baby talk: "More, more."

This is the first recorded incident in the life of a woman who demonstrated by her wise and vigorous rule that the realm of intellect is so essentially democratic that it may include even members of the submerged sex.

Christina ascended the throne when she was seven years old under a regency. Her mother was a woman of weak intellect and capricious temper, and her unwise management implanted a detestation of her own sex in the breast of the child sovereign. Christina was a wonderful student, a Greek and Latin scholar, and spoke practically all the languages of Europe.

Every man hath a good and a bad angel attending on him in particular all his life long.—ROBERT BURTON.

In the cellar with something; and the janitor asked me to wait a minute, and I said we paid our rent and I wouldn't take any orders from him, and I unfasted the dumbwaiter and it fell down, and oh, I do hope he wasn't hurt!"

"Yes, but that doesn't excuse him swearing at you," said Mr. Jarr.

"Swearing at me?" replied Mrs. Jarr. "Why, he never swore at me. He didn't use profanity at any time. In fact, he was very nice about it, and I'm sorry, because I'm afraid he's hurt very badly. Poor man, and yet you want to go down and strike him. You should be ashamed!"

"But you said you couldn't repeat his language?" said Mr. Jarr.

"I couldn't," replied Mrs. Jarr. "When the dumbwaiter fell down he just said 'Ouch!' and that's all I heard him say."

"Well, if he is ever impudent I want to know it," said Mr. Jarr, shaking his head.

"How ridiculous you talk," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "It's just upset me, that was all."

So, in a calmer mood, Mr. Jarr went down to see the janitor and found that the dumbwaiter rope had slipped off, but that he hadn't been hurt at all. Mr. Jarr apologized, and said the janitor had apologized, and Mrs. Jarr asked Mr. Jarr why he was so fussy about every little thing.

## Lives That Prove Democracy

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

No. 8.—Christina, Queen of Sweden (1626-1689).

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, King of Sweden, stood holding his two-year-old baby daughter in his arms. He was waiting with some astonishment for a military salute which did not come. The scene was Kalmar in Sweden, the time 1625. Never before had this great Swedish soldier waited in vain for the music of saluting guns.

Suddenly the Governor of Kalmar stood before his sovereign.

"Sir," he said, "the soldiers fear to salute because of the royal baby."

"Fie!" answered the soldier King. "The girl is a soldier's daughter and should be accustomed to it betimes."

So the salute was fired, and the great princess, who became one of the brave women sovereigns of history, clasped her little hands delightedly and said in her best baby talk: "More, more."

This is the first recorded incident in the life of a woman who demonstrated by her wise and vigorous rule that the realm of intellect is so essentially democratic that it may include even members of the submerged sex.

Christina ascended the throne when she was seven years old under a regency. Her mother was a woman of weak intellect and capricious temper, and her unwise management implanted a detestation of her own sex in the breast of the child sovereign. Christina was a wonderful student, a Greek and Latin scholar, and spoke practically all the languages of Europe.

Every man hath a good and a bad angel attending on him in particular all his life long.—ROBERT BURTON.

In the cellar with something; and the janitor asked me to wait a minute, and I said we paid our rent and I wouldn't take any orders from him, and I unfasted the dumbwaiter and it fell down, and oh, I do hope he wasn't hurt!"

"Yes, but that doesn't excuse him swearing at you," said Mr. Jarr.

"Swearing at me?" replied Mrs. Jarr. "Why, he never swore at me. He didn't use profanity at any time. In fact, he was very nice about it, and I'm sorry, because I'm afraid he's hurt very badly. Poor man, and yet you want to go down and strike him. You should be ashamed!"

"But you said you couldn't repeat his language?" said Mr. Jarr.

"I couldn't," replied Mrs. Jarr. "When the dumbwaiter fell down he just said 'Ouch!' and that's all I heard him say."

"Well, if he is ever impudent I want to know it," said Mr. Jarr, shaking his head.

"How ridiculous you talk," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "It's just upset me, that was all."

So, in a calmer mood, Mr. Jarr went down to see the janitor and found that the dumbwaiter rope had slipped off, but that he hadn't been hurt at all. Mr. Jarr apologized, and said the janitor had apologized, and Mrs. Jarr asked Mr. Jarr why he was so fussy about every little thing.

## Just a Wife (Her Diary.)

Edited by Janet Trevor.

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

NOV. 19.—This morning after breakfast I told Mary that I should be out for lunch, and I went to Patty's new address. After our somewhat acrimonious discussion last night Ned and I had no further conversation on the subject. But thinking it over before I went to sleep, I decided to trust my own judgment in the matter of seeing my own friends.

I found Patty up to her ears in work, for the single van into which her furniture had been loaded had already arrived. In one clear corner of the living room Tom and Habette were playing together like two kittens.

Patty was unpacking a barrel of dishes in the dining room. "Look about, Mollie," she said cheerfully, "and see if I haven't a nice little nest."

She is on the top floor and her living room fronts the south. It is sunny and of fairly good size. Then there are two bedrooms, one opening on the other; a bit of a dining room, a bath and a kitchenette.

I had worn one of my oldest dresses and I took off my hat and coat and began to unwind the tissue paper from the dishes. Patty was lifting from the depths of the barrel, the moving men had set up her beds, and they were all made.

Between us, we soon had the table and cooking dishes stored away in the kitchenette and in the cupboard with glass doors which my own mother had sent Patty as a wedding present.

Patty told me that she had sent a good bit of her furniture to the storage warehouse, and it was easy enough to put in position the pieces she had saved.

"Now, I'm going out to buy some milk for the children and some lunch for us," I told her. "Also I'm going to telephone for a plumber to connect your gas stove."

We lunched on sandwiches and chocolate eclairs, then fell to work again.

While unpacking a box of photographs I found a large framed one of Dan.

"Where do you want this?" I asked Patty.

"Here on the low table where the children can see it," she replied.

"Daddy!" exclaimed Tom, pointing his stubby finger at it as I held it up. "When daddy comes?" he appealed to his mother.

"One of these days, dear," she answered quietly. "I shall always tell them that," she added to me, in a low tone. "For I believe it. I believe that a new day will come back to us."

At five o'clock I left for home rather hoping I might arrive before Ned, although I intended to tell him ultimately, of my visit to Patty.

But he stood in the hall when I opened the outer door. "Where have you been?" he inquired coldly.

## The General Who "Came Back"

"THEY never come back" may be a true saying as regards the gentlemen who fight in a ring, but it doesn't apply to soldiers. At least, not to Gen. Sir Henry Henry Rawlinson, who has become a popular hero in England by his achievements on the Somme. At the outbreak of the war Sir Henry, who had had thirty years' experience in the army and had fought in the Boer and Sudan campaigns and the South African War, held the rank of Major General. He was given a high and important command in the first expeditionary force sent to France, but at Ypres his military operations failed to meet with the approval of his superiors and he was sent back to England.  
Later he was sent back to the front and took a prominent part in the British offensive at Neuve Chapelle. The British hope of taking Lille was blasted because somebody blundered at the critical moment, and Sir Henry was made "the goat." In the face of so much hostile criticism, Sir Henry asked to be relieved of his command and for a second time he went home. Further investigation apparently convinced Kitchener that Gen. Rawlinson was not to blame. In any event, he was promoted from Major General to General and was given the task of

## To-Day's Anniversary

THIS is the centenary of the birth of Philip Pendleton Cooke, a Virginia poet whose works are now little read, but who is worthy of a fuller appreciation. Many older readers will recall with pleasure his short lyrics, such as "Florence Vane," "My Daughter Lily," and "Rose Lee," which were highly popular in the middle of the last century. "Florence Vane" enjoyed a great vogue in Europe as well as in America, was translated into many languages, and taken as a theme for music by several celebrated composers. It was in these brief lyrics that the Virginia bard reached the height of his power.